Wi. Oh god', *Stabs at the child in*
Huſ. Haue at his hart *hir armes.*
Wi. Oh my deare boy, *gets it from hir.*
Hu. Brat thou ſhalt not liue to ſhame thy howſe,
Wi. Oh heauen *ſhee's hurt and ſinks downe.*
Hu. And periſh now begon,
Thers whores enow, and want wold make thee one.

Enter a luſty ſeruant.

Ser. Oh Sir what deeds are theſe?
Huſ. Baſe ſlaue my vaſſail:
Comſt thou between my fury to queſtion me
Ser: Were you the Deuil I would hold you ſir,
Hu. Hould me? preſumption, Ile vndoe thee for't,
Ser, Sbloud you haue vndone vs all ſir,
Hu. Tug at thy maſter'
Ser. Tug at a Monſter.
Hus. Haue I no power, ſhall my ſlaue fetter me,
Ser. Nay then the Deuil wraſtles, I am thowne,
Hu: Oh villane now Ile tug thee *ouer comes him.*
now Ile teare thee,
ſet quick ſpurres to my vaſſaile, bruize him,
trample him, ſo, I think thou wilt not folow me in haſt
My horſe ſtands reddy ſadled, away, away,
Now to my brat at nurſſe, my ſucking begger
Fates, Ile not leaue you one to trample one.

The Maſter meets him.

Ma. How iſt with you ſir me thinks you looke of a diſtracted colour.
Hu. Who I ſir, tis but your fancie,
Pleaſe you walke in Sir, and Ile ſoone reſolue you,
I want

I want one ſmall parte to make vp the ſom,
And then my brother ſhall reſt ſatiſfied,
Mr. I ſhall be glad to ſee it, ſir Ile attend you. *Exeu.*
Ser. Oh I am ſcarce able lo heaue vp my ſelfe:
Ha's ſo bruizd me with his diueliſh waight,
And torne my fleſh with his bloud-hafty ſpurre
A man before of eaſie conſtitution
Till now hells power ſupplied; to his ſoules wrong,
Oh how damnation can make weake men ſtrong.

Enter Maſter, and two ſeruants.

Ser. Oh the moſt pitteous deed ſir ſince you came.
Mr. A deadly greeting: has he ſomde vp theis
To ſatiſfie his brother? heer's an other:
And by the bleeding infants, the dead mother.
Wi. Oh oh.
Mr. Surgeons, Surgeons, ſhe recouers life
One of his men al faint and bloudied.
1. Seru. Follow, our murderous maſter has took horſe
To kill his child at nurſe, oh follow quickly.
Mr. I am the readieſt, it ſhal be my charge
To raiſe the towne vpon him *Exit Mr and ſeruants.*
1 Ser. Good ſir do follow him.
Wi. Oh my children.
1. Ser. How is it with my moſt afflicted Miſtris?
Wi. Why, do I now recouer? why half liue?
To ſee my children bleede before mine eies.
A ſight able to kill a mothers breſt
Without an executioner, what art thou mangled too
1. Ser, I thinking to preuent what his quicke miſchiefes had ſo ſoone acted; came and ruſht vpon him
Wee